Mars and Venus:

OR,

The Amorous Combatants.

Mars ſtrives for to give *Venus* Caſtle the rout,
But ſhe moſt valiantly did beat him out;
He loſt the day for all he was three to one,
He could not ſtay, his powder all was gone:
And furthermore he got a ſore miſchance,
To ſave ſome Balls he ſpoiled his beſt Lance;
She bids him come as often as he will,
For all his force, ſhe can reſiſt him ſtill.

To a pleaſant New Tune, or, *Mars* and *Venus*.

A Broad of late as I was walking,
in the Fields to take the ayr,
Mars and Venus there was talking,
in a pleaſant ſhady Bower.
I ſtept cloſe and ſat down by them,
They little thought I had been ſo nigh them,
for to underſtand the matter,
Whereunto they fcam'd their talk,
Mars vapoured thus as he did walk.

Says *Mars* I am the God of Battle,
and chief General of the Field;
I long to hear the Cannons rattle,
I am arm'd with Lance, Spear & Shield
I ſet forth with ſtrong invaſions,
I conquer Caſtles, Towns, and Nations,
there's no Champion dare reſiſt me,
I conquer all where e're I go,
In ſpight of him that dare ſay no.
But hark you *Mars*, methinks you vapour,
ther's one Caſtle you ne'r won;
The Miſtris of it ne'r drew Rapier,
and of it there's never a Gun:
Yet I dare lay both marks & pounds on't
that if e're you come within the bounds on't
e're you come off, you'l loſe men there;
And be forc'd for to retreat,
And it's ten to one but you'l be beat.

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IN truth (said Mars) could I but spy it,
I will venter there to fight;
That same Castle if e're I come nigh it,
I will storm it by day or by night:
Tell me therefore where it standeth,
And the names the which it commandeth,
that same Castle which you treat on,
And I will thank you for your pains,
And be sure of this i'le make you amends.

It's Coney-hall, neer Navil-court,
it's at the Fort of Belly-hill;
Near Blew-hole-lane you may resort to't
or Bum-alley whether you will.
Through Placket-entry there is the way to't
In the low-country there you may go to't
Venus she's the Mistris of it,
And was never conquer'd by War,
Although there be no fence but hair.

Up to this Castle *Mars* drew his Army,
and Bum-alley up did block;
He was clad in gallant Armor,
the her own field fill'd with her smock,
He laid such a close siege round about it,
that there was none could come in or out it
this call'd Venus to a parly,
And to *Mars* away she went,
Desiring for to know his intent.

Says Mars I am come to win this Castle,
and i'le take it before I go,
Says Venus it's in vain to wastle,
you cannot enter it as a Foe:
You must beat a Larum on my belly,
A point of War a Croopers rally,
Tat too, Tat too, we march away boys
Tick Track is a gallant sport,
And on these terms i'le yield the Fort.

Up to this Castle *Mars* he ventured,
and in it he thrust his Lance;
But he repented that he had ventured,
for his Weapon got a mischance:
And straightway it fell sick upon it,
And in Coney-hall was forced to vomit,
that caus'd Venus to be angry,
And out o'th door she did him kick,
And was not that an uncivil trick?

Says Mars I am by a woman foiled,
I will never come there any more,
I fear my Lance that she hath spoiled,
when she kickt me out o'th door:
Farewel Venus, farewel Coney-hall,
Farewel Bum-alley, adieu to you all,
I will ne'r come there any more boys
Except that she had prov'd more true,
And so I bid you all adieu.

FINIS.

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